

The Power of Love



A LECTURE

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F. H. Bradley
Jr.

The Power of Love

A LECTURE BY FATHER L. J. VAUGHAN



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TO MY FRIENDS
The Lecturegoers
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My dear friends, I'm glad to see so many of you present to review with me the sweetest story of life, and, though I came to you with joy, now, as I stand here looking out on your expectant faces, there comes back to me a feeling I often experience when an audience looks to me for a word from God.

I cannot help tonight asking myself the question: "Why have you come out to hear me speak, to hear a human voice echo and re-echo through a building reared up by the hands of man, while the voice of God is rolling through the universe teaching such lessons, unraveling such wonders, disclosing such mysteries, as never entered into mind of man to conceive, or power been given to the human tongue to manifest?"

Friends, when you have wearied of my voice, and in my own weak way I have told you the story of love, don't feel that that story is all ended. Go out tonight and stand under God's beautiful blue vaulted dome of heaven, studded with myriads of twinkling stars, like tiny lanterns hung out by angels' hands to win your soul from earth to heaven, and standing there alone the voice of God rolling on through the universe will echo through your soul, whisper-

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ing out of the starry skies the everlasting, unending love of God. Delve down, if you will, with your sciences, into the very bosom of mother earth, and there, written by the finger of the same Eternal God, you will find on the very foundation stone of earth the same old story of love. To me it is written on every page of God's book of nature. To me it is traced in the golden sunlight of day; it is sung in the love-songs of the birds; 'tis whispered in the sighing of the trees, the rippling of the brooks, painted in the varying colors of the flowers.

Oh, there in the flowers, let us read tonight the story of our life. (Taking the flowers in his hands.) No need for me to speak to you tonight if you would but take up this bunch of sweet flowers, and out of their soft, velvety petaled hearts, read the lesson that God would teach you. See, friends, (holding up the flower) this little flower. How beautifully God made it! How wondrously fashioned! How artistically colored! How exquisitely perfumed! And, after all, what is it? A handful of earth touched by the finger of the Eternal God. A few weeks ago a gardener went forth to sow his seed—sow them in the cold, dark and noisome earth—and the seed fell from the hand of the gardener on a cold, dark sod, to lie shivering—shivering in the cold earth—

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shivering until one day—one glorious day—when the golden sunlight of God went up in the zenith of the heavens and threw out His jewelled arms in benediction o'er the world, and this little flower seed, shivering in the ground, felt the warmth of life thrilling it through and through, felt the finger of God touch it, felt the story of life unfold. It started and it grew, it burst and bloomed, and now tonight it is sending up to God a perfumed prayer of praise and thanksgiving. But what intelligent man can look down on these beautiful flowers and not think of the flowers that will never bloom? How many other seeds were sown by the hand of the gardener that fell down into the lowly places. They lie under the shadows; they never caught the golden sunlight of God when it ascended into the zenith of the heavens; the golden finger of God never touched them; the warmth of light never thrilled them; the mystery of life was never known, and there they lay, there they moulded, and there they rotted—all earth and earthly.

Friends, is not that the story of your life and mine? I am here to unravel no great wonder, to disclose no great scientific principle—no deep, intricate reason. I am here to talk to you like a father, to tell you that this world—this beautiful world of ours—is God's

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flower garden. Every day—aye! every hour of the day—God sends forth His gardeners into the world, and they sow the flower seeds of God's eternal kingdom—immortal seeds—the souls of men—your soul and mine—and they fall from the hands of angels, like the flower seeds in the early spring fall upon a cold and a dark and noisome earth, and lie shivering in a world of sin—shivering until one day—that day that comes into every Christian life—one day when the glorious sunlight of God's divine truths of Christianity goes up into the zenith of our lives. One day the mystery of life is disclosed, one day the story of love is told, and our minds stir and our souls yearn and our hearts swell and our lips send up to God a prayer of praise and thanksgiving. That is, some of us do. But how many oh, how many, of these immortal souls of men are like the flowers that never bloom? They have fallen down into the lowly places of life, they are lying under the shadows of temptation. They never caught the golden sunlight of the divine truths of Christianity. The mystery of life was never disclosed; the story of love was never told them. There they lie; down in the valleys of sin! And friends, unless some mind, more skilled in the mysteries of God, goes down into the valleys of sin and leads them up onto the mountain of God's righteous-

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ness; unless some hand, more skilled in the mystery of life and death, draws them forth from under the shadows of temptation, there they will lie, there they will mould, there they will rot, like the flowers that never bloom—all earth and earthly. Friends, it's for these that I come to you tonight, to take you by the hand, to talk to you like a father, to walk with you through the pathways and byways of life, and strive to show you God's sweetest lesson of love.

Friends, were I to speak the heart of God I would speak it in a single word—'tis LOVE! Were I to take the great Scriptures and turn them over page by page, and sum up the whole work into a single sentence, there would be only one word—LOVE! Were I to tell you the spirit of the Christ again, I know only one word—eternal, everlasting, unending LOVE! Yes, friends, that is the mystery of life and death: God is Love. And in the realms of God all is love. Love rules supreme, regenerates, elevates, consecrates all that enters into the benign circle of God's divine pleasure. Yes, God is Love, and it is only in the manifestation of that love that we are able to know aught of inner excellence or wondrous perfection of the Deity.

When throughout the unending and unopening cycles of the vast and vapory unknown,

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God, wrapped in the arms of His own Omnipotence, viewed with divine complacency, in His only limitless perfections, by the infinite act of an infinite intellect, begot His own divine Son, co-existing, co-eternal, co-equal with the Divine Father.

And as in the Son the Father beholds His own Divine perfections, and in the Father the Son beholds His own Divine prototype, from both proceed the Divine Spirit—the spirit of God, the spirit of LOVE, the completion of the August and Holy Trinity, bound in love divine. Hence it is that throughout the unreckoned ages of eternity there burst on the heart of God that Trinity of Love, first manifested through the Son, now seeking through that Son to externalize Himself in the living act of creation. So by the love of God Divine came forth from naught the myriads of angels that surround the great white throne of the Deity. So by that love of God Divine for these same angels reared up the vaulted arches, the jewel-decked domes of the heavenly court. So by that love of God Divine came forth from naught seraphic fires, principalities, thrones, dominations and powers, born in love, by love confirmed, with love united, and then, when at last the veil of night was drawn across the boundless surges of eternity, and from a pregnant chaos time was born, by

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one mere fiat of His mighty will, urged on by His love, the co-eternal Son, from formless night the light came forth, and all the glories of the world were done. Then from the roaring billowy deep, up rolled the islands green, and the earth brought forth her thanks and fruits, her trees and flowers, birds flitted from tree to tree, within the open sea fleet fishes glided, all nature blended in harmony most sweet, and sang a song of praise in measured beats of love unto her God, and God declared it all was well.

But still, because of that love that burnt within the heart of God, He wished to see in this world of ours a knowing mind, a thinking intellect, who seeing all the wonders of nature, might voice in intelligent language the praise and the honor that was due to God. Then spake the Lord unto the Lord: "Let us make man," said He, "to our own image and likeness."

Friends, do you mark the love of God? Like to Himself He would make man perfect. Then out of the earth God formed the man, out of the clay He fashioned him, for though man was to be the king of the earth, he was to be himself the thing that was earthly. Though he was to be the perfection of nature, he was to be a child of that nature. And when that perfect form was made, God, in His love,

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breathed into that perfect form a living soul—the image of the great Creator—and when that perfect creature stood there before Him, God loved him so He could not leave him here forever, and so He gave him a promise that one day He would unite him to Himself. He raised man from the natural to the supernatural plane, and then it is as the Scripture says: “God cried out, ‘Behold, Adam has become like one of us.’”

Yes, like to Himself God made man perfect. Perfect in himself, man held a soul untrammelled by the flesh, because the flesh was then a body unstained by sin. Now mark the beautiful story of love upon that favored creature. God in love, lavished every care. Never since have the angels of God looked down on trees so green, on pools so limpid clear. There were pebbles of opal, onyx and emerald green; there were ferns and fruits and flowers; there was music in the air, perfume in the breezes, colors in the grass; joy and gladness and love and harmony everywhere, and still amidst that all, man has sinned. Aye! Stood up 'twixt heaven and earth and hurled back in the face of the great Creator His pledge of love and immortality. And in that instant this world became a desert, there gathered dark clouds in the heavens, the thunders roared and lightning flashed the heavens' curse upon the earth. On

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the sea came a hurricane blast, upon the land the earthquakes crashed. There was blight in the air, there was blast upon the flowers, for sin had entered our beautiful world. God's beautiful world was lost. Beasts that before were tame and full of play, now put forth their claws to tear and their tongues to sting. Birds whet their beaks for prey. Upon the sweetest land, upon the fairest home this world could ever know, our parents turned their backs, cast forth upon the pathway of sorrow, the broken hearted scions of a ruined race.

Now after this what did God owe man? Only wrath. When God had created man to His own image and likeness, placed him in that garden of love, showered down upon him every favor and every blessing the nature of man could wish for or desire; when the whole world, aye, the myriads of worlds of the great cosmos were whirling on through space, each in its own orbit, obedient to the will of God; when the mighty cosmos, with its myriads of worlds was like a mighty orchestra playing a symphony of praise to the eternal God, and man stood up and hurled the one discordant note into that symphony of praise, what did God owe him? Only wrath. And still, because of that love that burned within the heart of God, He gave to sinning man a saving hope, a promised Re-

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deemer. And so our first parents went forth from the closed gate of that garden of love, to which is now added the yearning of hope that one day they will be re-united with that perfect love in heaven above.

Then stood the world in desolation. For four thousand years men waited for the hour of their deliverance. For four thousand years the world groaned under the burden of the Creator's wrath. For four thousand years the wailing prayers of a faithful few arose in incensed clouds around the throne of God, and then—then in the twilight of Jewish greatness, in the setting glory of a degenerate people, the pledge of God was fulfilled: the Messiah came. Christ Jesus, the Son of God, came down to save His perishing people. Yes, God loved you so, and God loved me so that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish, but may have life everlasting. Miserable and lowly and despised, the Jesus came. And why? In order that every man, woman and child, however despised, or however much an outcast from the world, might seek and might find Him. To show His love for you and me, Jesus left His throne in Heaven to lie a beggar in a manger. To show His love for you and me, He cast aside the regal robes of His Divinity and donned the rags of our mortality.

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To show His love for you and me, He annihilated Himself, becoming even as a slave. He, the glory of God, and the wisdom of God. And on that Christmas night so long ago, when Heaven came down to earth, and earth seemed raised to Heaven, Mary brought forth her only Son, wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger. And why? Because there was no room for Him in the inn.

For four thousand years the world had been running wild, and man, running wild with the world, was seeking his happiness in the things of earth, and on that night when God would stoop down there from on high and awaken the slumbering soul of man and raise him up to the dignity of an intelligent being and lead him on to the culture and the refinement and the civilization of Christianity, God had stooped unto His own, and His own received Him not. The inns were full of the mighty ones, full of titled and nobility and culture and riches and gold and silver and silks and laces and the riches of Eastern embroidery, and there was no room for God—and He went out, out onto the hillsides, out to the lowliest of God's people.

You remember the story. There were shepherds watching their flocks by night, and lo, as they watched, an angel of God stood by them, and the glory of God shone round

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about them, and they feared with a great fear. Just like you and I, standing tonight on the culture and refinement and eminence of the twentieth century, when a messenger comes from God to awaken our startled souls and lead us on to higher ideals, nobler ambitions and grander living, and the glory of God shines round about us, striving to pierce down into our souls, you stand there trembling. You are afraid! You are afraid to listen to the voice that is leading you on to higher ideals, nobler ambitions and grander living. You are afraid to throw open your hearts and let the glory of God shine in. And why? Because you know if you listen to that voice that is leading you on to grander and nobler ideals and broader striving—if you open your heart and let the glory of God shine in—it means breaking away from the old life and the old companions; it means tearing the sin and the pain and the temptation out of your soul; it means sacrificing something of your earthly goods for the benefit of your fellow man and the glory of God. And you are afraid! You are afraid! But, oh, friends, when God is leading you on to higher things, and you stand there trembling, remember the words of the angels that night: "Fear not, for there is born to you in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ Jesus the Lord." A Savior that

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will come down into your life and my life and take the sin and the shame and the pain and the temptation out of your soul and mine. A Savior that will come down into your everyday life and bear again the crosses and the burdens upon His mangled shoulders. A Savior that stands in the opening years of the twentieth century as in the years gone by, with His arms outstretched to the world, crying: "Come, come unto Me, all ye who labor and are heavily laden, and I will refresh you." Oh, when once that fundamental idea of Christianity sinks down into your soul; when once you realize, however narrow the way, however dark the path, however terrific the battle, when Jesus is leading on 'tis all blithesome and gay. Thus with you and with me as with the shepherds on that night: "Immediately there was with them a multitude of the heavenly choir, praising God and singing, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace—peace to men and good will.'" That was the anthem the angels sang; that was God's pledge to men—"Peace."

Have you ever thought of it? For two thousand years that prayer of praise and of peace has rolled forth from the Heavenly choirs before the throne of God, and has echoed on through the universe. Every day, aye! every hour of the day, that prayer of praise

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and of peace rolls up before the throne of God, and still we know no peace.

True, in one Christian home the angels of God have sown the seed of peace, destined to bloom into immortal flowers that one day will be twined around the great white throne of the Deity. But in another home, veiling their faces, they have fled. And why? If God has given us His only begotten Son as a testimony of His love and has sealed that gift with an anthem of peace, why is the world at war? Why are nations ever contending one with another, staining God's beautiful earth red with the crimson blood of God's own people? Why cannot Christian neighbors live in harmony and love, striving to bear the burdens of one another, and make of God's beautiful world what He intended it—a happy home for the children of His love—instead of forever contending and striving, with their hate and their malice and their greed and their lust? Why do sons rise up against fathers and fathers against sons? The ties of blood are rent asunder, homes are broken up, hearthstones are cold and broken hearts wander desolately through the land. Why? Why, because men will not learn the lesson of love.

Why is the world unhappy tonight? Why are there ruined lives and wrecked homes and broken hearts and miserable, weak, sinful men

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and women groveling in the mires of degradation? Did God make the world so? God made the world all sunlight and flowers, with the love-songs of the birds and the sighing of the breezes and the rippling of the silvery brooks, and man! man! man! with his faltering hand, has given over that masterpiece of God, and has made it a meaningless daub—a valley of sighs and tears and groans and ruined homes and broken hearts. Why is the world unhappy tonight? Because you men and women seek for happiness where pain lies like a serpent in wait to sting. Why are there wrecked lives and broken hearts and weak men and women crying out to God to take back the gift of life? Because you men and women insist on drinking of the chalice of the world—the chalice of greed, of avarice, of lust and strife; a chalice resplendent in gold, but alas, dregged with a poison that saps away life's vital spark, which is content. Why is the world unhappy? Because men will not learn the one lesson that the Eternal God has been striving to teach to the human heart for six thousand years.

Friends, have you followed me?

In love was the Son born in the bosom of the Father; in love did He come to earth—love of you and love of me. In love did He send forth His glorious Christian Church into

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the world to regenerate mankind, socially and physically as well as spiritually; to raise men up to the dignity of intelligent sons of God; to lead mankind on to the culture and the refinement and humanity of today; to give to you and to me the happy homes, the pure women and upright men, the moral code—everything that makes your life worth living. And what power did Jesus give that church when He sent forth twelve ignorant men to regenerate the world? No standing armies at their backs to fight the battles of civilization; no sword of oppression in their hands. One mighty power Jesus gave them, one wondrous lesson: "Teach them," said the Christ, "to love one another. Love God, and love thy neighbor as thyself." With that little lesson of love, twelve ignorant men went forth to build up a world anew.

Rome, the mistress of the world, pagan Rome, the place that put her strength in the power of her sword and her mighty armies; Rome, demanding tribute of every civilized people, how she laughed at the Spouse of Christ—the early Christian Church—that came with her lesson of "love and forgive!" And so, away, away from the imperial gates of Rome the Church of Christ was driven like a mendicant and a slave.

The Greeks, with their splendid literature and their false philosophy, looked down with

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a supercilious sneer and laughed in the faces of the messengers of Christ who came with their philosophy of "love and forgive and forget,"—and so for three hundred years that Church of Christ was an outcast. For three hundred years the seed of love was sown. Not in the minds of the cultured few; not in the schools of the learned; not in the glittering palaces and dome-decked temples, but out to the slaves and the renegades of the cities. Out under the vaulted dome of God's great heavens, out among the graves and the catacombs of Rome, there were sung the first hymns, there were murmured the first prayers, there were offered the first sacrifices of the Christian Church. For three hundred years that Church of Christ, with her philosophy of love, was a wanderer. For three hundred years there were tears in her mother's eyes; there were prayers on her mother's lips; there was blood on her mother's hands—the blood of the innocent, the blood of the poor.

Then at last came her hour of triumph. In the dawning years of the fourth century, when in spite of the arrogance and pride of Rome, in spite of the subtle and false philosophy, the imperial eagle of Rome bowed down to the Cross, and Jesus Christ, with His lesson of love, was at last victorious.

Take up your histories now, and look back

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through the vista of ages and see the hand of God framing the destiny of Christianity. Along in the fourth century and into the fifth, down from the North came the barbarians, sweeping like a tidal wave over Europe. On they came, hundreds and thousands, nation after nation; men without any history, men without any known language, men without one idea of the humane. On they came in resistless numbers, like mighty billows sweeping over Europe, and Rome, Rome, who had relied upon her standing armies; Rome, who put her faith in the power of the sword; Rome went down with a crash before the inroad of the barbarians, burying the whole civilized world in the debris of the ruins. Still and still they came on—these barbarians. On they came, the Goths and the Visigoths, the Huns and the Vandals, in resistless numbers. Every nation was rent asunder; every political institution was undermined; every power was subjugated; every representative of civilization was ruined and buried. All save and except one. There was one institution made by the power of God and compacted by the hand of Jesus Christ. That institution was the glorious Christian Church. She stood when everything else went down to ruin and destruction. She remained when every other power was laid in waste. She received the barbarians as

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they came down from the North, hundreds and thousands. She received nation after nation, with no standing armies at her back to fight the battles of civilization, no sword of oppression in her hand. She received them, one after another, into a mother's bosom. She taught them the lesson of Christianity. She told them the meaning of true manhood. She showed them the highest ideal of man was not to tear down and ruin and destroy, but to rear up glorious monuments that might stand forever as living testimonies of the God-like mind the Creator had given to man. She whispered to these savage hordes the story of love, and they stood amazed and in wonder. Love!—they could not understand its meaning. Forgive!—there was no such word in their barbaric tongue. Forget!—the heathen mind never forgets. And yet, the very novelty of the doctrine held them entranced, and they stood in open-mouthed wonder, listening to that novel story of love. And as they listened, they came to understand, and understanding, they learned to love, and loving, they sought to frame their lives upon the model of **THAT MIGHTY LOVE.**

Look back through these ages of history and in all the stories of the lives of men you will find no sweeter page than the story of that Church of Christ in the ages called dark, per-

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fectly or imperfectly, as you will, fulfilling her grand destiny of love, weaving the golden thread of charity into the lives and the laws of nations, founding a new civilization on the mighty principle of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

So, as early as the fifth century, the Church of Christ was standing alone—alone on the ruins and the debris of the world that had passed away forever. She did not shrink from the task that lay before her. Girding herself for that mighty task, alone and unaided, with neither arm nor sword, she began the regeneration of humanity—the building up of a new civilization—to give to the world the upright men, the pure women, the happy homes, the moral codes, the human society—everything that makes your life worth living today.

When all Europe was a battlefield, flowing with blood; when every man was obliged to be a soldier and buckle on his armor to defend his home and his family and his native sod; when every boy must grasp a sword and take his place in the armies of his country, the only men of culture in Europe, the only representatives of civilization, were the representatives of that Church of Christ: the priests and monks of these early ages. They had gone into their monastic homes with the two-fold principle of Christianity engraven

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upon their hearts: the love of God and the love of their fellowman for God's sake. When all the land was red with human blood and men were wrestling in the throes of death, when like the billowy waves of the ocean mighty armies surged to and fro across the continent of Europe, these representatives of the Church of Christ, for the love of God, kept alive the light of faith in the hearts of the Christians. They sowed the seed of love in the minds of the barbarians, and in these dark hours prayed for a brighter day, and in the depths of their monastic cells copied over, letter by letter, the sacred Scriptures, multiplying copies of the sacred text to hand down to a civilization, which they knew, by the promises of Christ, was yet to come out of that chaos and gloom. For love of man they left the safe retreat of their monastic homes and went out into that maelstrom of war and blood, gathering together all they could lay hands on of Roman art and Grecian culture, and carried it back with them into the safe retreats of their churches and their monasteries, and there in the depths of these same monastic cells copied over the works of Virgil and of Horace, and thus preserved the classical literature of the past, that they might hand it down to a civilization which would forget their

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very names and the good they had done to humanity.

Ages rolled on, and what a sight to see! Barbaric hordes, who had come down from the North without one idea of the humane, throwing away their swords to take up the plough and learn the homely occupation of a civilized life. Around the churches and the monasteries, reared up in the name of Christ, there was the first land tilled in the new civilization of Europe; there the first schools were opened; there the seed of the new civilization was sown, which was destined to spread to the remotest corners of the earth. What a lesson of love to view the Church in these days of gradual progress, carrying out her Divine mission of love, weaving the golden thread of charity into the fabric of nations.

And while she preserved the faith of Christ that would save men's souls, she was ever mindful of man's material necessities. With her Divine wisdom she threw a mantle of religion over the ruins of ancient Rome, that she might protect them from the barbarism of the people. On the walls of the Pantheon she placed the twelve statues of the apostles, that the stamp of religion might make these ruins sacred in the eyes of the Vandals. On the top of the pillar of Trojan was placed the statue of St. Peter, that it might be safe from the

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ravages of the barbarians. It was a monk of that early Church that attended the laurel that grew upon the grave of Virgil and of Horace.

In all the pages of history we see this freeing power of love. Is there a page in history that you love to read? The story of a great man or a noble woman? That reading, you would wish to give your children, that they, reading it, might be the better? And why do you love that page in history? Why is the name of that man or woman handed down from age to age? Is it because their lives are all glory? Is it because they wrung from the world a mighty share of the world's spoils? Is it not rather because they have sacrificed everything that men hold dear in order that you and I might be free and gloriously independent at the price of another man's love? Is it not well, then, that I come to you tonight to tell you in my own way that old, old story of love—as old as God's world? Is it not, after all, the only story of life worth telling?

When the young man went to the Master, and standing before Him, asked the mystery of love; when he asked: "Master, which is the greatest commandment of the law?" do you remember Jesus preached no long sermon—there was no deep, intricate reasoning, no abstract philosophy. In a single sentence Je-

sus tells him the mystery of happiness: "The first and greatest commandment of the law is this: that you love the Lord, thy God, with thy whole heart and thy whole soul and thy whole strength." And the second is like unto this: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." In this is the completion of the law. Indeed, well did the early Christian understand this when St. Paul, that apostle par excellence, that man who seemed called from the great white throne of God to lead the Gentiles on to the culture and the refinement and the civilization and the Christianity of today, when he would, as it were, throw out the golden lifeline to guide the Corinthians safely through the breakers of life, o'er the shoals of time, onto the shores of eternity, again there is no sermon, again there is no deep philosophy. In a single sentence he tells them: "Spake I with the tongue of an angel, had I faith that would move mountains, and I have not charity, 'tis all vain and meaningless."

Is it not well then, that I come to you to tell you again the story of love, to awaken your startled souls, to say to you that the love of your fellowmen for God's sake is the foundation stone of Christianity? Aye, more, that the helping of your fellowmen for God's sake—the helping of a fellow creature is the keystone of all religion. For, after all, what is

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religion? Is it long prayers and loud sung hymns, and sighs and formulas and exterior expression? Whatever all this may play in your scheme of religion, religion is something infinitely grander. True religion is the Spirit of God, like the golden sunlight trembling o'er the land, giving life and vitality to all creation. True religion is that spirit of God in life, tearing down the mighty mountains of iniquity and filling the plains of vice, and in spite of the greed and the avarice and the lust and the perfidy of men, making the whole world scintillate in the glory of God. True religion is that golden cord of justice that binds the human soul forever to the great white throne of Deity. True religion is the sum total of relation to God. It is the spirit of God deep down in the human soul, manifesting itself in our actions toward God and toward our fellowman.

Do you doubt this? Analyze your religion. I care not what your denomination may be, what your creed or your formula—analyze it down to its fundamental principle, and your religion is God—that inborn religious sense of your relation to and your dependence upon God. Religion—true religion—then is the sum total of man's relation to God and its consequent obligations.

And what do you know of God? Were it

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not for the lessons of love written by the hand of God all o'er the world of nature, were it not for these inspired messages handed by love, what would you know of the inner excellence or the wonderful perfections of the Deity? Can you not see the debt that the human race owes to God is the debt of love, the debt that you and I and every man owes is a debt of love? Are you honest men, are you upright women? Then pay back to the Eternal God the debt you owe. Pay Him back in the coin in which the debt was contracted—the coin of love.

And how shall we, creatures of the finite, reach to and grasp the garments of Divinity, and pay back our debt of love? God has told you how. Pay it back to the sons and daughters of the Mighty Father. Pay it back to the poor and the miserable and the sinful and the weak and the wayward creatures in this world. Pay it back to the heirs of Christ, the little naked children, shivering in the winter-time. Is this asking too much? Is it asking too much that you make the helping of your fellowmen the grand motive of your life?

After all, what are you? If I were to ask you, one by one, would you not stand up to-night before heaven and earth, and cry out: "I am a Christian!" Are you? Are you a Christian? Have you ever stopped in your

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religious fervor and your loud sung hymns and your sighs long enough to ask yourself: "What does it mean?" when you and I stand on the mountain of culture and education of the twentieth century, and cry out: "I am a Christian!" Christian! It means Christus, another Christ. Are you a Christian? Are you another Christ? Then in God's name go home tonight, take up the Testament and read it over, letter for letter and line for line until you have read the life of Christ. Are you a Christian? Read it o'er and o'er and o'er until you can stand before the world and say: "I know it—I know the life of Christ." Are you a Christian? When you have read it, when you can stand before the world and say: "I know it," then go out into a world of sin and shame, of misery and broken hearts, of weak and sinful men, and live, live that life of Christ!

Ah, friends, when we look around the world, and use that God-like intellect that the Creator has given us, it is easy for any intelligent man to understand the part he is to play in the great scheme of Christianity's regeneration of the world. What we need in the opening years of the twentieth century is not more grand churches reared up in the name of Christ, not more eloquent preachers to go forth and repeat over and over the story of the

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Christ, but we need more men and women to live the life of Christ in a world of sin. When you look around you and see the ruined homes and the broken hearts and the wrecked lives and the sin-debased humanity, and the poor, weak, miserable men and women, dragged on in the vortex of vice, your own intelligence will tell you what we need is sympathy, is charity, is love—more of the Christ-like spirit in everyday life. When I speak of charity and love and the Christ-life, I do not mean your religion at arm's length—your charity and sighs and groans and tears. No! I mean hand-in-hand fellowship; I mean that kind of Christianity, that kind of love, that kind of brotherhood that will clothe the little naked children that are shivering in the winter's cold. I mean that kind of charity that will get food for the hungry, medicine for the sick, clothing for the naked. I mean that kind of religion that will find a job for the poor man who has a big family to support. But more than all that, for, after all, that is only the human part, I mean that kind of religion that can go down into the gutter, into the mire and the dirt of the world, and raise up the poor sinner that is bound in the slavery of hell, the poor creature that is chained down in the strength of his own passions. Perhaps it is a young girl, and the

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breath of suspicion has rolled from mouth to mouth, and you have turned your face away from her, and you have closed your doors in her face, you have driven her out of your churches, and the arms of hell were opened wide ready to receive her. Perhaps it is a drunkard, and he has reeled through the streets of your city, and he has fallen helpless in the gutter and lies a brute at your doorway. His coat is torn and ragged and dirty, his face is begrimed with the slime of the gutter, his eyes are bleared and bloated; he looks, indeed, more like a beast than a man, but will you pass him by? Would Jesus leave him there in the gutter? Are you a Christian? Raise him up! Do you not know that underneath that ragged coat, behind that bloated face, there is a soul?—a soul in the image and the likeness of the Eternal God!—a soul that Jesus so loved that He hung for three mortal hours upon the cross, and even tonight He is standing before the throne of the Eternal Father, praying: “Father, that I may not lose even one of these, My little ones!” Raise him up for Christ’s sake, and one day you may be glad to have even the soul of a drunkard to hold up before your own trembling heart and the eyes of the Eternal God.

Oh, friends, how different this world would be if you and I would so model our lives. If

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every man that says he is a Christian would bring that spirit of Christ into his everyday life! But you will ask me, what is the spirit of Christ? Friends, I dare not answer. Was power ever given to the human mind to encompass the spirit of Christ? Was power ever given to the human tongue to frame that spirit in language? How many times, when young men, yearning for a better life, come to me, asking this question: what is the spirit of Christ? when old men, trembling on the grave, seek to unfold the mystery; when matrons and maids seek my guidance, I stand and tremble and wonder if I dare answer.

What is the spirit of Christ?

Friends, though I may not put that spirit in words, God knows sometimes I feel it. Sometimes, when I am alone in that wild northwestern country, driving along the country roads, in the days of the early fall, when the land is rich with the harvest, and a storm has swept across the country, and the sky is dark with clouds, and the air seems thick with moisture, and the rains drench the land, the trees and the shrubbery seem weeping in the uncertain light, and the grain has bent down its heads, heavy under the storm, and the world seems weeping—the land is bowed in sorrow—have you ever noticed: a rift comes in the cloud, and the golden finger of God

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steals through, and the arm of light sweeps over the land and the golden sun shines and trembles across the field? And see the world is changed! The trees are no longer weeping, but glisten with colorless jewels; the shrubbery is ablaze with liquid diamonds; the golden grain raises its head, waving gently in the breeze; the sunlight waves in great billows across the field—no longer a land of sorrow, but a sea of gold, scintillating under the glorious sun of day.

Friends, that is the spirit of Christ. Like the golden sunlight, He went from city to city in Judea, bringing life and joy and light into every heart. They brought forth the lame and the maimed and the blind and the miserable, that the shadow of Jesus might fall upon them, that they might be freed from their ills, that they might look once into the eyes of Christ, and never again know pain nor sorrow. Ah, friends, there is the model of a truly Christian life: to bring sunshine into the dark spots of the earth, to bring joy into broken hearts, to give hope to the heart that despaireth, to reach out a helping hand to the weary and the weak stumbling along the path of life.

Would you be a Christian? Would you be another Christ? Friends, there is a picture in the life of Jesus that I would every Chris-

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tian soul had engraven upon his heart. It is a beautiful sunny day in the city of Judea, early in the morning. The grey dawn is hanging like a pall over the world. The whole city is hum and bustle, buzzing like a great beehive, making its preparation for the day, before the burning heat of the Eastern sun. All the little shops are open. Already the merchants' goods are spread out even into the roadway. Already the crowds are congregating on the corner. Already the merchants run hither and thither. Already the children peek their heads over the stone balustrades of the housetops. But, lo, across the country a courier approaches! A messenger brings the glad tidings that Jesus, the great Prophet, is coming to town, and the hum and the bustle cease, and the preparations stop in the midst of their striving, and the stores are closed up, and the goods are put away, and the merchants congregate on the corners, and the women bear the news from house to house, and the crowd surges into the street. It is to be a holiday. Jesus is coming to town! And as the news spreads from mouth to mouth, and as the streets are filling with curious and expectant people, there stands in the heart of that city, in the early dawn, a woman of the street—a creature of sin—the despised Magdala. There she stands, leaning against the stone

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building, and there is a look of hate in her eyes and a curling smile of scorn upon her lips as she throws back the sneers of the crowd who tell her: "Go home, go home, Jesus is coming!" And the women draw away their garments lest they become unclean, and the Magdala laughs in their faces and cries out: "What do I care for your Jesus? What do I care for your Prophet? I will go home and I will put on my finest linen, and I will deck myself in jewels, and I will come back and laugh in the face of your Jesus!" With a snatch of song, she dances along the street to her own apartments, and entering in bathes herself in sweet perfumes, and out from a great chest of drawers she takes the finest linen and robes her splendid form, and then for hours she brushes her beautiful hair until it scintillates like spun gold in the glory of day. Then out of that chest of drawers she takes strand upon strand of gold and silver cord and plaits them into her matchless hair. The glittering jewels are placed upon her forehead—glittering with jealousy over her sparkling eyes. Upon her fingers are rings without number, on her arms bracelets even to the elbows. Around that spotless throat are bound rope upon rope of pearls, and over all she throws the badge of her silken shame, and now for

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the moment she stands before her little metal mirror, and looking down at the beautiful image there she arches her eye-brows, she paints her cheeks and she crimsones her lips, and she laughs back at the beautiful picture, and whispers, "No man born of woman can resist me now!"

Then with a snatch of a song, she hurries back into the midst of the city and places herself upon a corner where she will catch the eyes of Jesus as He comes down the street. And the people surge forward, and behold! Mary must raise herself upon her tiptoes to look over the heads of the surging crowd. And there is a cry of joy, and the people rush forward. For the moment Mary stands alone. Jesus is coming down the street. The crowds shout and hail Him as the Mighty Prophet, but Jesus seems to hear no sound. A young blind man, crouched down on his doorstep, is crying out with a broken heart: "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me!" and Jesus heeds him not. The old women run after Him to touch the hem of His garment, that they may be made clean, and Jesus knows them not. His eyes are wandering over the crowd. Hither and thither His gaze wanders. He is looking for one—the greatest sinner of all in that sinful city—that He may send her down the highways of time to teach you and me how to live

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the life of Christ. See! the crowd rushes forward now, and Mary must raise herself on her tiptoes to look over the heads of the men, and lo, as she strains and stretches, her eyes meet the eyes of the Christ. My God! how she screams when she sees the eyes of the Saviour! How she cowers down like a whipped dog, trembling; how she crawls, like an animal, hiding behind the backs of the men till she comes to the corner, and there, standing erect, her arms clasped upon her bosom, her eyes gleam wildly, her bosom heaves, and all the time she is crying between her sobs: "Jesus, I am coming! Jesus, I am coming! Jesus, I am coming!" But all the time she is running away. Running madly, wildly, away from Jesus, away from the crowd, away from the houses and the bustle and the city; out beyond the walls, out into the wild country, and there, standing alone, with maddened hands she tears the jewels from her beautiful hair and casts them far away into the shrubbery. The gold and silver cords are torn from her plaited locks, and handfuls of hair come with them. The rope of pearls is stamped into the ground at her feet. The badge of her silken shame is rent asunder, and Mary stands almost naked. Her hair is flowing wild in the wind. Only the linen garment covers her shame. Her arms are thrown out towards the

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city, and she cries: "Jesus, I am coming! Jesus, I am coming!" Now back, like a crazed creature, she runs through the town, and the crowds pause as she passes, and the men point their fingers and say: "See! see! see! Mary is mad!" and the boys hurl stones at her, and all the time she is crying: "Jesus, where are you? Jesus, where are you? Jesus, where are you?" But Jesus is gone.

You know the story. Jesus was to dine that day with a Pharisee, and He has gone on down the street into the house of the Pharisee. And the feast is brought forth, and the table is groaning under the viands, and there are lots of flowers and music and songs and laughter and women in festive attire, and men are hurrying to and fro, and all of a sudden they are still! A woman of the street is standing in the doorway—a creature of sin has polluted the house. She does not hear the men as they swear at her and call her vile names; she does not see the Jewish women cowering in the corners, lest they become unclean; she sees only Jesus, and rushing in, throws herself down at the feet of the Master. Those beautiful eyes, that have entrapped so many souls in sin, rain down tears on the feet of the Savior. That matchless hair, that has bound so many hearts in the slavery of hell, wipes the feet of the Master.

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Would you be a Christian? Would you be another Christ? What did Jesus do? When the Pharisees stood over in the corner and pointed their fingers and said: "See, He talks to a woman of the street!" did Jesus say: "You thing, what are you doing here?" Did Jesus say: "You reprobate, what have you in common with the Son of God?" Jesus, the Man of Purity, stooped down and before them all raised the woman to her feet and cried: "Mary, many sins have been forgiven thee, because thou hast loved much. Go, and sin no more!"

Ah, friends, how the world might change if you and I would live that life of Christ!

I often wonder, friends, do you ever think how many souls might be saved, how many broken hearts healed, how many wrecked lives restored, if men would learn that spirit of Christ. How many, oh, how many young men, tonight are inmates of our penitentiaries and reformatories, wearing the striped badge of degradation, with a stain upon their character that no power of man can wipe out. Is it because they are worse than you or me? Is it not rather because when the boy made his first mistake—when he took that first step that leadeth down to perdition—there was not one Christian man in all that town with enough of the spirit of Christ to take that boy by the

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hand and show him the way to a better life? What did you care for the boy that was going to hell? You were busy with your own home and your own family and your own ambitions. You were so satisfied with your faith in Christ and your professed piety and your long prayers. What did you care for the boy that was making the mistake that meant his ruination? What did you care for the boy that never had a decent home; never heard the golden lessons of Christianity; never had a father to advise him or to help him? Perhaps you are the very one that, when his fall was known, cried out for judgment on him. You laid down the law, you uttered the sentence, and the crowd howled in unison. And you Christian men drove that boy out of respectability, and hell was glad to receive him. And he might have been saved!—he might have been saved! He, and hundreds of others, might today be an honor to the land and a consolation to their families, filling the empty seats in your churches, if there had been one man with enough of the spirit of Christ to take that wild and wayward boy by the hand and say: "See here, John, this is not the way to be a man. This is not the way to make a success of life." How he would have looked up at you with amazement! You, the respectable man of the town, talking to the boy that

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was an outcast! One of you men whose name he had seen in the papers and had looked upon as something of a superior creature. And to have that man come to him, and take him by the hand and advise him! He would be like a baby in your hands.

How many thousands of women are lost on the streets tonight? Lost to God and to society and to the church, because when the girl was wayward and wild, as yet no real evil in her life, and the breath of scandal was just tainting her name, there was not a woman in all your churches to give that girl the hand of a mother—a woman who could do it without injury to herself. No! You drove her out of your homes, and you shut the doors of your churches in her face, and the arms of hell were opened wide to receive her and drag her down—through the maelstrom of vice that is rolling through our land.

Friends, you think I am talking theory. You will say: "Oh, this is a very beautiful theory, a very beautiful doctrine, but it won't work out in everyday life." Friends, you are wrong. I am not talking theory, I am talking life—everyday life. I am telling you the power that makes it possible for you to live the respectable life that you are striving. Do you think it is your little influence that is filling your boys with a noble ambition, with a desire to be honorable

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and pure men? Do you think it is yourself who is rearing up your pure daughters and making them like lilies, clean and spotless? Do you think it is simply your desire that is making the clean homes and the upright society of today? Friends, you are wrong. Were it not for the few faithful men and women who are living the life of Christ in the world today, stemming the tide of vice, your pure homes would be an impossibility. Your daughter would be tainted with the polluted atmosphere that would swell round her; your boy would go mad with the lust of the hour. Vice would enter the very sanctuary of your homes.

Would you know the power of love? I would to God I could take you with me tonight—every one of you—you men and you women who think you know the world. I wish to God I could show you the power of one kind word, with the spirit of Christ behind it. I would to God I could take you tonight into a great penitentiary—into your great prisons tonight—along that ill-smelling hall with grated cages on either side for men made to the image of God. Along that ill-smelling hall tonight I would take you with me, and the guard would say: “Do not go over there, don’t go near that cell; that man is a brute; we have him in a strait-jacket most of the time; he will swear and curse and revile you.”

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But, friends, don't mind the guard. That is his business. That is the very cell I want to take you to. I want to show you the lowliest of God's creatures. I want to show you a man that has sunk lower than a dog. I want you to go up close by that cell where you will be able to see that the guard has spoken the truth. The man is a brute. The devil is gleaming out of his very eyes; his face has grown a ghastly, sickly pallor. Great circles are under his eyes. The marks of crime are graven in the lines of his forehead. But, ah, friends, do not turn away because of that. I want you to wait. I want you to wait until the guard has turned his back. I want you to wait until the guard has gone, and see the devil die out of that man's eyes, see that face flush crimson red, and then grow whiter, if possible, than it was before. I want you to see that beast-man tremble in every fibre. I want you to see his stubby, criminal hands creep out between the bars and clasp mine like a child. I want you to see the tears roll down that hardened face when that man knows he has found one who pities a soul that is half in hell—one who knows the devil he has fought; one who understands the world with which he has battled; one who knows the temptations that assail him every hour. Oh, I wish to God you could lay your head against that grated door, and between the heart-broken

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sobs listen to the story that such men never tell to any man but a priest. You would understand better what I mean by living the life of Christ.

Would you know the power of love? Would you know the power of one kind word when the spirit of Christ is back of it? Come with me into a great city tonight—come with me into Chicago. Down on State street and Clark street, at half-past eleven or twelve o'clock, when the lights are going out and respectable people are hurrying to their homes, you will see them—the women of the street—in all their garbs, coming 'round the corners, dodging into doorways. Men swear at them as they pass by, and now, for a little while, they come out into the light, and the rowdies over at the saloon door whistle and jeer and call them vile names, and again they dodge back into the doorways. And now again the woman of the town comes out under the great electric light on the corner like an animal at bay, looking this way and that, and the men curse her as they pass by—the very men who have made her what she is, curse her tonight—and the rowdies whistle and jeer, and a policeman, coming along, strikes her with his club and says: "Damn you, go on!" A sister of Christ in a city of churches! Like a dog they have driven her across the crossing and down the

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street. You will say: "She has sold herself." Sold herself! My God! It won't hurt you to know—God knows it.

Last winter when you gathered close by your fires and shivered when the wind howled, and the thermometer sank down to the degrees below zero, thousands of these women walked the streets. They had not ten cents between themselves and starvation. Sold herself! Sold herself! Friends, tonight hundreds of these women will walk the streets all night long from darkness until dawn, hour after hour, walking to save themselves from freezing to death.

Well, she has gone on down the street tonight. The men have cursed her; the officer of the law has driven her on like an animal. Is it sin and shame and lust that are in her heart? Ah, friends, the purest woman could look into that heart tonight and not blush for the picture she sees there. The days of her sin hath passed and gone. The hour of retribution is at hand. She is going down the street tonight thinking of the days when she stood in the church with you and me and prayed the prayer of Jesus: "Our Father, who art in Heaven." And tonight, between her clenched teeth, she is asking the words: "I wonder if there is a God?" She sinks back into the doorway, and the wind howls, and the

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rain beats into her face, and the great town clock tolls out the hour of twelve. She doesn't mind the crowd now. She doesn't hear the sneers that are thrown at her. She is dreaming of home. It all comes back—the old home and the old friends, and the father and mother, the sisters and brothers. God knows she loved them in the old days! She is thinking of the life—the beautiful life—God gave her, and oh, what a wreck she has made of it all. She can see that old home tonight so plainly. The old kitchen, the great fireplace, the teakettle singing its endless song. She knows it is past midnight, and they have all gone to bed, brothers and sisters—gone to bed hours ago. And now the old father has taken off his shoes and placed them there by the kitchen fire, and he, too, stumbles off to bed, murmuring a bit of an old familiar prayer—and the house is still. But, ah friends, that poor deserted creature in a great city knows well what you and I understand. There is one faithful soul that never sleeps when the wayward child is astray. Somewhere in this beautiful land of ours tonight the old grey-haired mother sits by the window, looking out into the gathering night, and when the children laugh and play and tell their stories, and mother nods her head, she does not even know what they are saying. Her thoughts are far away in a great city—far

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away in a great city, where her girl went years ago, and they have never heard from her since. But mother would not speak one word to make the home unhappy. And even now, when the children have all gone off to bed, mother keeps that story locked up in her heart. She would not pain that old father. And now mother is alone—alone with God. Now she stands for the moment and listens to see that they are all asleep! and then, tiptoeing gently across the kitchen floor, she takes down the old kerosene lamp and places it on the kitchen table and opens up her old worn Bible and reads over and over and over again the story of Magdala, until her old heart grows weary, and her head has fallen upon her hands. And, friends, she is praying to Jesus: "Jesus, send me back my girl. I don't care how bad she is, I don't care how far she has wandered away; but, Jesus, send her back, send her back!"

Friends, don't you know that God hears that mother's prayer? I say to you, God does hear. That mother's prayer will cleave the heavens and shriek before the throne of God. And even now the great God has turned upon His great white throne and is bending down and listening. He is looking through this audience, through your Christian homes, through your churches, looking for a woman who dares, for



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a woman who could, with safety to herself and her family—a grand woman like that woman, Mrs. Booth—who will go out on the corner tonight and meet these creatures, looking up for a word from God; like our little Sisters of the Good Shepherd, who will throw open their doors tonight and receive these creatures in, answering their questioning souls thus: "There is a God. We come to you as representatives of that Christ that died for all. We will show you the way to a pure life; we will lead you, step by step, up that mountain of God's righteousness, like Magdala of old. You stand forgiven at the feet of Christ."

Ah, friends, how many more might be saved if you would live that life.

But instead of forming your life on the model of your professed belief, you go on with your bickering and quarreling and striving, with your jealousies and vain ambitions, until the intelligent observer must wonder if your faith is aught but a snare, and your profession more than a lie. How many times in the glory of the twentieth century I have asked myself: "Is this Christian society, or are we back again in the inhumanity and greed of Rome?" How many times I have sat in the midst of Christian society, surrounded by cultured men and elegantly dressed women, and I sat there silent. How many times have cultured women turned

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to me and said : "Father, why don't you talk?" Talk! My God, how could a Christian talk? What is the conversation? Is it something to broaden the minds or elevate the hearts or inspire the souls of the listening? Is it a plan to better the condition of society around you? Is it even a theme that would hold intelligence? How many times the theme of cultured society brings back to my mind the memory of the South! The great black buzzards, sweeping like a cloud across the heavens, shutting out the sunlight of God; flying on o'er fields of sweet scented flowers, on o'er the limpid silvery streams, and they see them not. Till lo, in the depths of the forest they come upon a festering carcass, and they swoop down upon that rotten mass, and gorge themselves upon the rottenness of a fellow creature.

Is not that too often the picture of our Christian women of the twentieth century? They have before them the carcass of a woman weaker than themselves, and the stench of her decaying character seems to attract rather than repel their careful scrutiny. They would tear into tatters what little is left of a sister's character. And you Christian men, you have your neighbor in a corner, and you will squeeze the very heart's blood out of him and coin it into your filthy dollar. You want the law, and you will have your rights, and you demand

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justice, and you will hold him down to the letter of the code. You will? If you and I receive justice from God tonight, would you be there—would I be here?

I remember a little incident in my own life. In the town where I was reared we had many good Christian families. There was one family noticeable because they were leaders in the church, because they were foremost in all public movements, and indeed, as far as their exterior life went, they were model Christians. I remember that family had many good customs. Every night when the hour came for retiring, the father took down the Bible and read a chapter from the Sacred Text. Then all together, the family, kneeling, asked the blessing of God upon their home before retiring to rest. I remember another good custom of that family. Of an evening, when the supper dishes were cleared away, instead of each one hurrying off to his or her amusement, it was the custom of that family to gather around the table, and one of the boys, or one of the girls, would read aloud some good book for their instruction or their entertainment. Sometimes, when the book was put away, one of the family would read aloud from the newspaper the local news. On the night of which I am about to tell you, one of the boys took up the daily paper and began to read on down the col-

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umn of the local news, till he came to a certain place in the paper—there had been a scandal in the town. One of the young women of society had forgotten the laws of God and man and had taken one step down the social grade, and it had gotten into print, and as he read on he read aloud this incident. Then, putting the paper aside, the family began to discuss the situation, each one striving to tear into shreds what little was left of the girl's character. The mother was very bitter. She could recall a dozen different incidents in which the girl had been bold and brazen and forward, and she even said she believed it was a judgment of God that she should end just as they found her. Each one of the girls had their little dab at their fallen sister. The father was most bitter of all. When they were all so hard on the young creature, one of the family, a girl about sixteen or seventeen—she might have been eighteen—began to plead for the girl and make excuses.

Turning to her father, she said: "Father, why are you so hard on her? Isn't it some excuse that she is young? And then, father, perhaps she loved him."

The father turned on her with disgust! "What do you know about this? I am surprised to hear a girl of mine say one word for the woman that don't know enough to take

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care of herself. I tell you, my girls, when a woman goes wrong, no decent woman should say a word in her favor; no decent home should shelter her. When a woman once goes wrong, there is no place left for her in the world—no place but the river.”

When he had said this, there was little more talk. His words seemed to cast a sort of a chill over the family, and after a little while the paper was put away and each one began preparing for bed. Then the father—that very man who had said there was no place left in the world for the sinner but the river—reached up and took down his Bible and read a chapter from the Master’s word, and then, all together, kneeling, they prayed the prayer of Jesus: “Our Father, who art in Heaven, * * * * forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us,” and they went off to their beds feeling themselves good Christians.

Went off to bed and to sleep—all but one. There was one member of that family who did not sleep that night. I went to school with her when I was only a bit of a child, and many a time since the story became public property I have pictured her to myself when that prayer was ended. Springing to her feet like a guilty thing, she ran upstairs and into her own room and quickly locked the door, lest any of the others should disturb her, and stood like an animal

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at bay, listening, waiting, watching, until they were all quiet in their own rooms, and then, half-kneeling and half-sitting, she crouched down by the window and looked out into God's beautiful starlit sky, repeating over and over again between her sobs the words of her father: "There is no place left—no place but the river!" Looking up into God's beautiful sky and wondering if the judgment of God would be as hard as the judgment of man, and when they were all asleep in their rooms she sprang to her feet, grabbed an old shawl and threw it over her head, and carefully unlocking the door, silently crept down the stairway and along the hall and out the front door and down the stoop, and then slinking along in the shadows of the buildings until she came to the river—and there! standing one instant on the bridge between the judgment of God and the judgment of man, she sprang over the bridge into the river.

I was only a boy then. I saw her body the next morning, half buried in the soft slime under the shallow water. They had tied it with a rope and it was swishing back and forth with the incoming tide, waiting for the coroner. I saw her father when the news had reached him, come like a madman down the street—no hat or coat—and, oh! he shrieked like a woman when he saw the ghastly, up-

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turned face! How he cried aloud like a child and sank on his knees and begged and prayed God to strike him dead because he had passed sentence on his own child. It seemed all right last night when he was laying down a cruel law for another man's child. It seemed all right last night to be narrow and cruel when talking of a girl uptown. How little that old man thought when he was laying down a narrow judgment on another man's child that he was tearing out of his own heart the girl that he loved better than anything God had given him in the world.

Take care, friends, God made you and God made me to be happy here and in Eternity, and He has told you the secret: "Love one another for God's sake." And, friends, you do, if you only knew it. That principle of brotherly love is in every heart here tonight, but you let it go to sleep. You are so satisfied with your splendidly worded prayers and your protestations of brotherly love and your profession of charity, that you never awake the spirit of Christ into your active life. But it is there, nevertheless, in the heart of every man worthy of the name. And it needs only some great calamity, some startling incident to awake it into life.

In the great Baltimore fire, when so many human beings were stricken, no sooner had

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the news been telegraphed o'er the land than city after city sent offers of aid. The American people were ready to sacrifice anything to help their brothers in distress. In that great theater fire in Chicago, when six hundred souls were hurled into eternity, before the news had spread through town, when the first word of disaster had reached State street, in that city where we are told the souls of the merchants are tied down in chains of gold, the large stores closed their doors and wagonload after wagonload of blankets and muslin went forth. Nobody said: "Who's going to pay?" or "Where is the money coming from?" The dead were lying naked in the street. Distracted men and women ran about, their clothes literally torn from their backs, and the one thought of rich and poor alike was to save their fellowman from needless pain. That big drug store on the corner closed up its main entrance and opened up its shelves of medicated cotton and bandages that brothers in Christ might not endure a needless moment of pain. And even unto to-day nobody has asked: "Who is going to pay?" I love to think they are waiting that mighty day in a better land, when Jesus will pay them back a hundred fold.

Friends, that same instinct of love is in every one of you. When you read the early history of the church; when you read of these

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noble men and women who went forth into the arena and died for the name of Christ; when you read of the brave missionary bands who went off into the islands of the barbarians to carry the light of Christianity to other nations; when you read of such noble women as Mrs. Booth, who has given up home and friends and kindred and every dollar she can lay hands on, and uses it for the uplifting of fallen women and the betterment of degraded men; when you read of that noble priest, Father Damen, who left his home and his friends and his country, and went off into the leper islands of the Pacific, and there spent his whole life in attending to the needs of the lowliest and most afflicted and most forsaken of God's creatures, and when, after years of labor and sacrifice, he had contracted that loathsome disease, and when his body was rotting away, even while the life-blood was yet bubbling through his veins, and when the putrid flesh dropped from his decaying bones, how he sang the hymns of David and praised the name of God who had used him as an instrument to awaken the slumbering charity of the Christian world. Friends, when you read these records, does not your heart grow larger? Does not your soul swell up with the desire to do? Does not your very intelligence yearn to make the world better? Don't you often cry to yourself: "Oh,

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if I could only do that! If I could only do some great thing for humanity! If I could only be a hero, and write my name on the scroll of fame."—Oh, ah, you would be Christians then, wouldn't you? Now, isn't that foolish! You want to be a hero—you want to do great things. Friends, if you are intelligent, thank God every day of your lives that you are not asked to do great things and to make great sacrifices. Get down on your knees every night, women, and thank God that the day has gone by when men are asked to die like dogs to prove themselves true Christians. Thank God the days are past and gone—I hope forever—when Christian men and women must spill their blood to show themselves followers of Christ.

No, friends, God does not ask Christian men and women of the twentieth century to die. He asks of you and me something grander, something nobler. He wants you to live—to live the life of Christ in a world of sin. And you can do it. There is not a day of your life that you could not be a Christ to some poor creature. It is not the big things that make up life. Perhaps there is not one of us here tonight who will ever have really a great or heroic event in our whole life. Life is made up of the little things—the kind words, the pleasant smile, the friendly shake of the hand,

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the good advice given to the wayward, an hour spent by the sick-bed of the poor and the miserable. These are little things, yes, but they are the things that make up the lives of ninety-nine per cent of God's people. There is not a day of your life that you could not bring sunlight, ever so little, into some other life.

Take a little homely example. You have hundreds of them in your city. It need not be an old grey-haired mother, tottering on the verge of the grave. Take a woman in middle life. She has a boy growing up, fifteen or seventeen or nineteen years of age. He is much the same as the other boys in town. He is not any better, he is certainly no worse, but to that mother he is just the only boy in God's world. She watches him as you watch a flower that is ready to bloom; she is always thinking of the day when he will be a big, strong man, and how happy she will be when she can lean on his arm and walk down town. How proud she will be when she will meet you and introduce her son, saying: "Why, this is my boy." And one night he gets out with a crowd of boys and the next day his name is in the paper. What does it matter to you or to me, think you? If we could save that boy for his mother; if we could still make a man of him and make him understand the mistake he has made. Perhaps he is a thief, perhaps

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he is a drunkard, perhaps he is worse. What does it matter what he is if we could make a Christian man of him? If we could save him for his mother, for God and for society? You read the news at your morning meal and you start down to your business and you pass by that home. Yesterday it was a home. To-day it is like a grave. There is not a soul moving about. The window shades are drawn down to the very window sill. Would Jesus pass by that house that morning? Don't you know that behind those drawn curtains a mother's heart is breaking? Open the gate and go in. Knock on the door. Perhaps she has been one of these hospitable women. When you went there before she opened the door wide and received you with both hands. She won't this morning. Ah, friends, I have studied every detail of the picture. She will open the door just a little bit, and she stands back in the shadow, her eyes are on the floor. She doesn't dare look you in the face. She fears—she fears she will read condemnation in your face. Open the door and go in. Take that broken-hearted mother by the hand. She doesn't want your money. There is no need of a long talk. You need not speak a word. The human soul understands sympathy. Take that mother by the hand; look into her eyes like a man. She understands what it means. It means: "I

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do not believe your boy is all bad, even if he has done wrong. I do not believe your boy is a criminal just because he has made one mistake. And I am one of the men of this town who is going to stand with you and the boy if he wants to do right. We'll show the boy that there is lots of power in the Church of Christ to make a man of him, even if he has made a mistake in life. We'll teach him that there is lots of room at the head of the ladder for a boy, even if he has done wrong, if he wants to turn back and strive for virtue and for right. I am one of the men in this town who believes we need men too much to let even one of our boys go to hell."

Now go on down to your work, and do you know you will hum tunes that you haven't thought of for years, and you will whistle snatches of songs and the fellows around you will be saying: "I wonder what is the matter with John today?" And you do not know yourself. The world seems broader and wider and grander. The heavens seem clearer. It is your heart, man, it is your heart! God has come into your life, and is showering back a hundred fold into your soul the little ray of sunlight that you have brought into a broken heart that morning. Friends, try it, and see if I am talking theory or the practical side of life.

God made you, and God made me to be

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happy here and happy in Eternity. The test of any doctrine then must be the test of happiness. Who is the happy man in this world? Is he the rich man? Is the rich man happy? Friends, can you think of a single millionaire tonight whom you consider really happy? Who, then, is the happy man? Is it the ordinary rich man, the man that we speak of as the rich man of our town? He lives in a great palatial residence on the outskirts of the town, and the house is closed up all summer. His wife is away in Europe, his daughters are off to their watering place, and his boys are on an automobiling tour or a yachting cruise, and the old man is down in the office attending to business. Is that happiness? Who, then, is the happy man? Is it you or I, the ordinary man, who goes out today or tomorrow or the next day and has a business deal with his neighbor, squeezes the dollars out of him—you get the better of the deal and he gets the worst of it. Are you happy? I will admit you are satisfied, There is a certain satisfaction. You have accomplished what you started out to do, but are you happy? You come home tired and nervous and irritable. You sit down to your supper and the prattle of the children annoys you; you try to read your evening paper, and the children must be sent to bed early. You can't stand their prattle. And after a little

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while you go into your own room and undress and roll into bed. Are you happy? You can't rest. You roll on one side and you can't sleep, and you shift onto the other side, and you can't rest. You are scheming how you are going to catch the other fellows tomorrow. That is all you get out of it.

Who, then, is the happy person? Is it the young man or the young woman that goes out tonight or tomorrow night or some other night to a dance or a ball, and they dance till two or three o'clock in the morning, and, as the boys say, they have a "high old time," and he sees the girl home, and she lives away out in the suburbs, and he wonders why in God's name she don't move into civilization, and he gets home at three or four o'clock. The sun is making faces at him o'er the horizon. And he slinks into his own room, and he takes off one shoe, and it goes "plunk" on the floor, and he takes off the other, and it goes "thud;" and his mother sits up in bed and says: "Oh, Tommy got home!" Yes, are you happy, boys? You roll into bed and you say to yourself: "Well, ain't I a chump!"

Who, then, is the happy man?

Friends, have you ever seen a picture of happiness? A little white cottage in the half-deserted street on the outskirts of your city about six o'clock of an evening. There is

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swinging on the front gate a little, golden-haired boy, and every little while he pokes his head away out, trying to see down the street, and after a little while there comes round the corner a man in blue overalls and discolored shirt—hands and face begrimed with toil—but little golden hair, swinging on the gate, gives a cry of delight, and jumping down from his perch, runs along the street, his hands are extended toward that toil-stained man, and there is a look of heaven in his eyes as he cries: “Pop! Pop!” And that tired man stoops down and raises up the little bundle of pink and white, and the kiss of an angel is on his lips! and I tell you all the gold in all the world and all the powers of kings could not buy that baby from that father who loves him. All day long he has labored in the shop or factory, and the sweat has poured down his forehead and dropped upon his work, but to him every drop of sweat is a source of joy. It is a testimony of faith to his baby and the woman whom he loves. Go back into that kitchen in the little cottage and see there another slave, if you will, a slave of love. All day she has worked, and since five o’clock her heart has been at the gate. But no, she let the baby go, and she remained within that supper might be ready and everything in order when “Pop” and the baby came home. Friends, if this is not happiness—

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if this is not a glimpse of heaven—I know not how to paint the favor of God.

Who is the happy man? I need not tell you, friends. Your own intelligence has read it in the faces of hundreds of men and women who have tried to make the world better because they have lived. The happy person is not the man who has made money and acquired fame and holds power. The happy soul is the one, who, lying down weary at night, may say: "Thank God for today, for I have made one soul happy because I have lived." And this is not my idea, but it is the decision of God on the life of man. You will find that mandate of God in the very first page of creation. When God had created Adam as a perfect man, surrounded him with all the favors and all the blessings that man could desire, placed him in that garden of Eden, where every beauty dwelt, still you will remember, God looked down upon that man, and God pitied him. Pitied a man who had everything his soul could crave, and God said: "It is not good for man to be alone." And why? Because Adam was made to the image and the likeness of the eternal God—an intelligent creature—and therefore he could be happy only by imitating God, to whose image he was made, and though he had everything that his heart could desire, he would never be

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happy until God gave him another intelligent creature to whom he could give every favor and every blessing that God had bestowed upon him. It was the law of happiness.

Follow this out in the life of every man. Have you ever seen a young man in love? Most people look upon this period of love as a laughable incident. Well, I will admit the young man in love does many ridiculous things, but to me there are few things in the world more sacred than the days of a budding love. To me it is God drawing two pure souls nearer and nearer and nearer together, that He may show them the supreme life in the golden school of love. But have you ever studied out the details? Have you ever seen a young man in love? Is he happy? The most miserable creature in God's world. We will all agree on that, it seems. There is a young man, and he is in love, and he is unhappy. Now have you ever figured out how that young man tries to make himself happy? He runs down town and he buys candy enough to give the girl dyspepsia the rest of her life. Christmas rolls around, and he buys jewelry that an Indian squaw wouldn't wear. The girl always had enough to eat and enough to wear, but to watch that young man running with packages to her house, you would think she never had a decent stitch. What is the matter with the

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fellow? There is not anything the matter with him. He is a man, a man made to the image and the likeness of the eternal God, and he is just carrying out the God instinct that the Creator placed in him. In that girl that he loves all humanity is idealized, and he will never be happy until he has bestowed upon her every favor and every blessing that God has given him. It is the law of life, it is the law of happiness.

Friends, the trouble with the average man is this: We are looking for great things, for great opportunities to do good, but we overlook the real necessities of an every-day life. Sometimes an insignificant act that you and I might laugh at as folly has been the changing point of a human life. I remember a little story in my own life. You might almost laugh at me for telling it, but to me it seems the power that called me nearer to God.

Some time ago I lectured in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, and after my lecture a large number of people came in to see me and shake hands with me, as I was well known there, and during the talk with many old friends I noticed a young girl. She had an opportunity several times to speak to me, but she seemed to hang back, and I thought was waiting for the others to go. After most of the people had retired, the young girl came forward and spoke

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to me. She said: "Father, I know you have noticed my hanging back and not speaking to you when I had an opportunity, while the others were here, but I wanted to talk to you for a moment alone. I wanted to thank you for a kind word that you spoke years ago. I wanted to tell you that I have thought of you every night for ten years." I remember laughing at her, and telling her it was a peculiar confession to make—that she had been thinking of the priest every night for ten years—but she answered: "I knew you would laugh at me, but I just felt that I must tell you." And then she went on and told me the story, and it all came back to me as she related the incident. I had been in Fond du Lac about ten or eleven years before that. I was not a priest at the time. Getting up one morning I took a stroll down the main street before breakfast. The little children were just on their way to school, and as I passed along I noticed a little golden-haired darling dragging her feet along the pavement. She had a long strap, held in one hand, with two little books wrapped in the end of it, and with her other hand she was mopping her eyes. I remember, just in a spirit of mischief, going up to the child and patting her on the head and saying: "Hello, baby, what is the matter with you?" I remember how she looked up at me with her great, big,

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blue eyes, swimming with tears. She said she was going to school and she didn't know her lesson. She had such a cross teacher, she knew she would be punished, and she just knew she would call on her because she didn't know her lesson. I laughed at the child's fears, and said to her: "I wouldn't feel so bad about it. Perhaps I can help you out—I went to school a few days myself. Let me see your book and your lesson." And she unwound her strap and opened her little book and showed me her lesson. It was just as I expected. Though the lesson covered an entire page, there were only one or two thoughts in the whole thing, and I said to the child: "Now, see here, dear, if the teacher calls on you this morning, if she asks you such and such a question, don't try to tell her what is in the book, but just answer this way," and I gave her the exact words of the answer, "and if she asks you this other question, just answer this," and I went on formulating the lesson into two or three questions and answers. We went over the matter three or four times. By that time we had reached the square where the school was located, and, as we had a few moments before the bell rang, I went over the lesson once more with the child. Then the bell rang, and the little thing looked up once more with her

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great trusting blue eyes. I gave her the book, saying: "Now remember!"

The little one ran across the street and up the school steps, and that was the last I thought of it. But it was not the last for the child. She went into school that morning, and sure enough the teacher called on her in class, and when she asked the question the little thing stood up and just popped out the answer, and the teacher was surprised, and she told her that was very good, and just to try her she asked her the second question and the little thing just popped out the second answer the same way, and the teacher was very much pleased, and the little girl was perfectly delighted because she knew her lesson, and the day passed a red letter day for her, and she went home happy as a bird. And when school hours were over, with the other children she played herself tired, and when at night her mother called her in and taking off her little clothes prepared her for bed, kneeling at her mother's knee she prayed the old accustomed prayer—prayed for father and mother, and sister and brother, and aunts and uncles and friends, and when at last her mother thought that it was time to say "Amen," the little angel had one more prayer. Claspings her hands together she raised her eyes to heaven and

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prayed: "GOD, MAKE THAT BIG MAN GOOD!"

Friends, you may laugh, you may laugh at the absurdity of my telling you that foolish story, but if you knew what it meant to me, if you knew how near I have stood to the brink of hell and looked down into its very depths, if you knew how often the devil has struggled for my soul, if you knew how often one step more might have meant perdition, you would not wonder that I love to think, since I have heard that girl's story, that when the devil wrestled for a soul, a mightier power was battling on my side: a pure girl was kneeling at her mother's knee, and praying: "GOD, MAKE THAT BIG MAN GOOD."

This much I know, friends, some power stronger than my own drew me into the Church of God. Some power beyond my mere will made it possible for me to throw away the world and preach the gospel of Christ, and I cannot but feel that it was the power of love: That one sunny morning in a little city God looked down upon a young man, standing on the corner of a busy street, teaching a golden-haired baby a primer lesson, and God so valued that lesson that He said: "I will draw you to myself, and I will give you the power to wring hearts and to enthuse souls and to enlighten

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minds, because you have been kind to her—to one little one.”

Friends, don't lose your opportunities. A single kind act may be the glory of your life and the salvation of another.

But, friends, I needs must pause. I have not finished the story of love. It is like God's great world, rolling on in a circle. There is no beginning, there is no end. And, friends, let us take to ourselves, into our hearts, into our everyday life, the story of love as far as we have read it tonight.

Is there any place in God's world where it should be so easy for men to love one another for God's sake as here in the glorious United States of America, where every page of your history tells the story of some noble man or noble woman, who sacrificed all he or she held dear in life in order that you and I might be free and gloriously independent? Is there any land in God's great world that so cries out for brotherly love as this land of freedom, where every foot of the precious soil is fertilized with the blood of a martyr? Would you know your duty as American citizens? Then realize that every stone of the glorious temple of liberty is cemented to its fellow with the heart's blood of a patriot. Our forefathers reared up the glorious temple of liberty with pain and sacrifice and bloodshed, and they have left it to

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you and to me put into that temple of liberty the spirit of brotherly love, the spirit of God, that there may not be a man or a woman or a child in all this temple of liberty, in all this land of freedom, that may not be truly free and intelligently happy.

Would you know the story of American citizenship—of brotherly love? Do not take the story from me. Go ask some old Grand Army man. He will tell you a story something like this: He will describe to you a little white cottage nestling back in the velvety green hills of New Hampshire way back in the early sixties. He will describe to you a plot of green, surrounded by a whitewashed picket fence; he will tell you of a little flower garden nestling in the heart of the green. And one morning the door is opened. Go in, and there you will see a New England home. The carpet on the floor is woven by mother's own hands; the pictures and mottoes and frames on the walls are made by mother and daughters; the old rocker over in the corner with the ruffled pillow lying in the seat; the little sprig of broom growing out of an earthen vase over on the window sill; everything there cries out "Home, Sweet Home." And one morning way back in the sixties there stands in the middle of the floor a soldier dressed in blue, and by his side is a woman dressed in a calico wrapper, her

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soul is in her eyes, both hands clasp his shoulders. She cannot speak—some grief is too much for words. The little children are running around pulling her wrapper and saying: “Mamma, mamma, where is papa going?” and she cannot answer. A great lump rises in her throat. She starts, for they hear the roll of the drum and the bugle call and the tramp, tramp, tramp. The soldiers are coming down the street. She follows him to the door, staggers on to the gate, and with swimming eyes sees him join the ranks of the soldiers, pick up the step, pass on down the road, over the hill, and out of her sight forever.

Follow them on—follow them on down into the South. See these Northern soldiers rise up with the first streaks of dawn, see them start off on their long march over that wild country, devastated by the enemy--ten, twenty, thirty miles over a land in desolation. Everything is burnt away. The very water is polluted, and hour after hour these men of the North march on, the hot Southern sun beating down upon their half-protected heads, and just as night comes on, down from the forest the enemy sweeps upon them, and they fight, man to man, horse to horse, until God lets down the dark curtain of night to shut out the accursed scene. And then there are moans and groans in the darkness, and the ghastly moon

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steals up into the sky and throws out her trembling arms o'er the world. And now, now you can see it—the world in desolation. Men in blue and gray who looked with hate into one another's eyes and tried to shoot away the life of a brother, have crept close together to die in the trembling twilight. Men and horses lie heaped in confusion. Men with their limbs torn from their bodies, men with their throats cut, and men with their scalps lying bare and their heads raised to Heaven, and they are crying: "Water! my God! water!" and in all God's world there is not a soul to answer. Yes, there is an answer. See, there come two women, stealing over the battlefield, creeping along under the beams of the moon. Is it some mother, come out to look for her son in the midst of death? Is it some woman who seeks the man to whom she has pledged her love? Ah, no. The cross of Christ is on her breast, the bonnet of St. Vincent on her head. Two little Sisters of Charity, alone with God and night. How they move without fear through that valley of death and of darkness! How tenderly they stoop o'er each dying soldier! For them there is no North or South, no blue or gray, no nationality, no creed, no denomination. In every soldier's upturned face they see the face of Christ. How tenderly they moisten the parched lips, how they cool

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the fevered brow, how they close the gaping wound, how they murmur words of consolation in the dying ear, how they take a last message to bring back to the mother and the wife and the loved ones far away! Even there—even in the death and the blood and the carnage of battle—the power of love rules supreme. And stamped forever on that flag—the Stars and Stripes—stamped forever is that lesson of love, that as it leads on in the vanguard of civilization it may teach to the world America's story: the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—the glorious, the splendid lesson of love.

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